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# Notes

Ask about requests!

More oneshots but for warrior cats $<3$

Since there isn't enough of these I'm here to change that!

Hope you enjoy. Be prepared for posts!

(W/n) = your warrior name

(E/c) = your eye color

(F/c) = your fur color

# Hawkfrost x reader ~ 1/2

You padded softly across the marsh around the lake, your (e/c) eyes turned to the sky. There were no clouds, and the sun was high. You sighed softly, glad to feel the soft breeze of green-leaf on your fur. Life in RiverClan was great, and you had plenty of close friends. You had no mate, but you did in fact have your eye on one tom. Sadly, though, he hardly even knew you were there. He was a strong, muscular tom, with icy blue eyes. His fur was dark brown tabby, with a lighter underbelly.
He went by the name of Hawkfrost.
He was a cocky, arrogant cat, but you loved him for it. He was dark and mysterious as well, which only added to it.
"(W/n)!" A voice yowled from behind you. You whipped around to see a gray she-cat with deep blue eyes running towards you.
"Mistyfoot?" Your ears perked up as the RiverClan deputy approached. Her eyes were wide, and filled with sorrow.
"I've got grave news," she panted, stopping in front of you. "It's about Hawkfrost."
Suddenly, you had a bad feeling. What had happened?
"He was killed in a fight with a ThunderClan warrior." Mistyfoot narrowed her eyes in sorrow. "He attacked their leader, and another warrior killed him in attempt to protect Firestar."
Your stomach filled with sickness as you stumbled backwards. Hawkfrost was... Dead? He couldn't be.
"He.. He can't be dead.." You murmured.
"Come back to camp..." Mistyfoot urged. "We can go sit vigil."
You nodded, your legs weak as you followed the she-cat back to camp. You hadn't even gotten to tell him how you really felt. Who had killed him? Who was the murderer of the one you loved so dearly?
As you entered camp, you saw Hawkfrosts body laying in the center of camp. You darted over to him, instantly pressing your nose into

his fur and inhaling his familiar scent. His body was cold, and you whimpered softly in sorrow for your lost friend.
Soon, other cats had gathered around, along with the leader herself. After a while, you fell into a deep sleep.
When you opened your eyes, you were in a misty forest, surrounded by lush grass, and chirping birds.
((Is this a dream..?)) you thought to yourself, and you began to pad softly through the woods. Suddenly, a snap made you freeze in your tracks. Just ahead, you saw movement in the bushes. Prey? No, another cat? Maybe.
Instinctively, you lunged, tackling the target to the ground.
"Owf!" The other cat hissed. "Get off me!" It was a toms voice. And a firmiliar one at that.
"Hawkfrost!" You gasped, quickly scrambling backwards off of him.
The muscular tom got to his paws, shaking himself off. His icy blue eyes met your own, showing no emotion. "What are you doing here?" He asked.
"I don't even know," you admitted. "I just woke up here."
Hawkfrost sat, curling his tail around his paws. "I see."
Unable to bear it any longer, you stepped closer. "What happened? Are you really dead? who killed you?"
He waved his tail to dismiss all of the questions. "Yes, I'm dead. Brambleclaw killed me, and I-"
"What?" You interrupted him. "Brambleclaw did? Your own brother?"
"Yes." He said simply. Annoyance flashed in his gaze, making you become quiet.
"Why take so much interest in it?" He narrowed his eyes.
((He's dead anyways,)) you thought. ((This may be the last chance I have. I may as well tell him.)) you took a deep breath, forcing yourself to relax.
"Hawkfrost, I..." You thought frantically for words.
He just looked at you, not saying anything, and waiting for you to finish.
"I didn't get to tell you before now, but... I really like you. More than a friend." You looked at the ground, unable to meet his eyes.
He blinked slowly, his gaze growing soft.
"Oh?" he meowed. "I never would have expected that."
Your tail tip twitched, still staring at the ground.
"You're not so bad yourself." He meowed simply. "We will meet

again," he purred, before the dream began to fade, and you fell back into darkness.

# Hawkfrost x Reader (2/2)

You ran through the forest, enjoying the wind in your fur. Sunshine beamed down, warming your pelt and putting you at ease. Only a week before, you had met Hawkfrost in your dream, and admitted to him your feelings.
You were still, however, unsure as to whether or not he felt the same way. You hadn't heard anything from him since.
As you trotted back into the RiverClan camp, you breathed in the warm, familiar scents. You loved it here, and you couldn't understand how the other clans lived the way they did.
"(W/n)!" A voice mewed. The RiverClan leader came bounding over to you. "You've been out all day. You should get some rest." Leopardstar meowed.
Your ear twitched. "What about a hunting patrol?"
"No," she shook her head."You caught plenty of prey earlier. Just go and rest."
You sighed and nodded to her, before turning and padding off to the Warriors den.
As you curled up, you wrapped your tail around your nose, letting your muscles relax. Not long after, you fell into a deep sleep.
"(W/n)... Wake up." A hauntingly familiar voice mewed.
Your eyes flashed open to see Hawkfrost standing over you. His icy blue eyes were emotionless, as usual.
You pushed yourself to your paws immediately, coming face to face with him.
"How are you feeling?" He mewed.
"Not great. The clan hasn't been the same after you left..." You looked down.
"Don't worry. You will adjust." He purred. "Besides, we can still meet here."
You looked back up at him. "I guess."
He stared at you for a moment. "I thought a bit about what you said," he meowed, licking a paw. "And truthfully, I really like you back."
Your heart skipped a beat. Did he really!? But... How would it work out, with him being dead and all?

As if reading your mind, he spoke once more.
"I may not be alive, but, this is just as good." He waved his tail.
"You may find a mate alive and well, but, until that day comes...
Will you be mine?"
You bowed your head happily, excitement sparkling in your gaze.
"Yes." You purred.
He rubbed his cheek against your own. "Good. Then I'm more lucky than any cat who ever lived."

(A/n)
Sorry it was so short! I barely update anymore due to lack of motivation. I want to thank everyone who actually enjoys my work and votes, as well as comments. It means more than you know. Stay awesome, and I love you guys 💙

# Cloudtail X Rogue!reader

You sat beside a small creek, your (e/c) eyes half lidded.
Your left ear was torn, and there was dried blood from a small gash on your shoulder.
You had been part of a small group of rogues, and when you refused to kill an innocent kit, they kicked you out, leaving you with a few nasty cuts.
Now, you had nowhere to go. No food, no warmth... There was a light blanket of snow covering the ground, however the creek in front of you had not yet frozen over.
Leaning over, you lapped up some of the icy water. Your (f/c) fur was messier than usual, seeing as how you had no time to groom yourself since you were too busy searching for shelter.
You turned and began to pad away, when a snap caught your attention. On the other side of the creek you spotted movement; a white, long-haired cat crouched under a bush, almost invisible against the snow.
His icy blue eyes were wide with both hostility and curiosity.
"Who are you?" He growled, stepping out from his shelter. "You're on ThunderClan territory."
"I'm just passing through," you mewed, taking a step back. You weren't in the shape to fight; you hadn't eaten in days, and hardly had enough sleep.
The Tom noticed your injuries and frail form, letting his fur lie flat. His eyes grew a bit softer. "Are you a rogue?"
You just nodded.
"You don't look to be in good shape." He mewed. "Why not come with me? You can stay with my clan and I until you're in fit shape again."
"I'm not worth the time." You snorted, not meeting his eyes.
"No cat deserves to starve to death." He insisted, leaping over the creek to stand by your side. "My name is Cloudtail, by the way."
"(Insert Rogue name)." You looked at him.
"Come on." He nudged you, a glimmer of interest in his eyes. "I promise, we will take good care of you."
You let out a soft sigh. You hated it when another cat- let alone a

whole clan- had to look after you. But you were too weak and hungry to care at this point.
"Very well." You sighed.

Cloudtail led you to the camp, using one shoulder to help support you from falling over.
Cats came from their dens, curiously looking at you.
A ginger Tom made his way towards you from the side of the hollow that made the camp.
"Who is this?" He meowed to Cloudtail.
"Firestar, this is (rogue name). I found her near the edge of our territory. She needs food and shelter." Cloudtail meowed quickly.
Firestar gazed at you, his green eyes narrowed. "Alright. But Cloudtail, you're in charge of her." He meowed.
You felt a flash of irritation. No cat was "in charge" of you. But you kept your mouth shut.

((Unfinished! I'll add more when I can. Enjoy this for now.))

# IMPORTANT NOTE

WOAH HEY GUYS, long time no see, right? Yeah I completely forgot that this account even existed. I'm so so sorry about that. Something else I realized is that most of my stuff on here is pretty crappy, since it's all mostly from two years ago, if not more. SO, here's the official restart of this oneshot book! Comment your requests on this chapter. (I DO NOT do warrior cat lemons, they're disgusting and it's outta the picture. Don't even mention them. Just don't.)

**Types of requests i'll take:**

*-Give me a song and a character and i'll write a oneshot based on how that song makes me feel.*

*-Any character x reader (You can request the reader to be a rogue, kittypet, loner, warrior, leader, etc. If you want something specific, comment it!!)*

*-I WILL take same gender requests. (Example: Squirrelflight x Female! reader)*

*-I have some OC's i'm really proud of. Go read about them on my main account, @shadowflight156 and see if you like them! I'll take requests on those characters as well.*

*-I will not do cat x human so don't even think about asking*

*-I won't do cat x dog reader either*

*-I won't do warrior x kit/young apprentice reader*

*-If I don't get your request written, don't flip out. I have a life outside of Wattpad you know.*

Okay!! So that about sums it up. No bullying or harassment via comments or you will be warned once, then blocked + reported.

This means do not harass me to update more often, or harass others/me about opinions.

# What you need to know before reading

So since i'm technically restarting this book, there's a few things you've gotta know!

I'll be adding a short bio-type thing in the beginning of every oneshot do describe your rank, clan, gender, and any other needed info for that specific oneshot. But here's what everything means!

*(F/C)* = Fur color

*(E/C)* = Eye color

*(W/N)* = Warrior name

*(R/N)* = Rogue name

*(K/N)* = Kittypet name

I'm working on two requested oneshots already, so know that i've got some new chapters on the way. Look forward to those!

# Brightheart x Reader

[image]

**Requested by:** GalaxyOfWolves

**Your rank:** Warrior

**Your gender:** She-cat

**Your clan:** ThunderClan

**Notes:** This takes place around the time of "The sight" in the Power of Three arc, so brightheart is still really young, and certain cats are still alive. And, since Brightheart has a mate, to avoid much conflict, her original mate (Cloudtail) won't be mentioned much, if at all.

Sunlight beamed down through the leafless branches of ThunderClan territory. Your *(f/c)* fur was sleek and well-groomed as you followed your patrol through the forest, your ears perked for any signs of prey. You were on a border patrol, but the extra prey would be more than welcomed in the clan. It was early leaf-bare, yet already cats were growing awfully thin, and prey was more scarce than it had ever been.

Ahead of you, your three patrol-mates seemed to be on the lookout for prey as well. Brackenfur was in the lead, while Whitewing and Dustpelt flanked him. You, however, hung a small ways behind. You were deep in thought, worried about a current... *crush* you had.

A ginger and white she-cat's face popped into your mind, and you felt your heart flutter. You cursed yourself after a moment, shaking your head. How could you fall for another she-cat? The clans would think you're crazy!

It was just a crush anyways, right? It would fade away eventually. Besides, Brightheart probably wasn't interested in another she-cat.

"(W/n)!" Brackenfur's meow pulled you from your thoughts, and you looked up to see that the patrol had stopped. The golden-brown tom was looking at you curiously, his ears perked. "Is everything alright? You've been lagging behind and staring at your paws since we left camp."

"I'm fine," You meowed, forcing yourself to stand up straight. "I'm just a bit tired, that's all."

Brackenfur narrowed his eyes at you, before he gave a small nod. "Well, we're almost done with the patrol. When you get back, you should rest."

You dipped your head to the golden warrior, a bit relieved to hear that the patrol was close to being over. After you'd found out you were gaining feelings for the ginger and white she-cat, you hadn't been able to think straight, or even sleep. You'd been worried about what the other warriors would think, and what would happen if Brightheart herself knew.

You were close with the horribly scarred she-cat; You spent every moment you could with her. You hunted together, went on patrols together pretty often, and shared fresh-kill with her. There was nothing you wouldn't tell her, at least not until now. If you told her, she may stop talking to you all together.

Once you had finished the patrol, you followed your clan-mates back to camp, pushing through the thorn barrier that made the camp entrance. Your tail drooped slightly, and your normally bright (e/c) eyes were dull.

The patrol split up, while Brackenfur made his way to FIrestar's den to report the patrol's findings, which were rather normal. No new scents, no intruders, no danger.

Normally you'd have a warm feeling of satisfaction, knowing that no clan had dared to step foot across the scent markers, and normally you'd seek out Brightheart right away to tell her the good news, but you could only feel frustration and fear as you thought about the she-cat you cared so much for. You couldn't face her now, not with all of these emotions.

You dug your claws into the earth, angry with yourself for allowing yourself to fall for a she-cat. It wasn't wrong, not at all, love is love... But your clan-mates might not think so, and Brightheart might really disagree.

Glancing around to make sure you didn't see the familiar ginger-and-white pelt of your friend, you padded softly over to the fresh-kill pile. Your stomach was empty, but you knew you couldn't eat that much to begin with, so you picked out a small mouse from the pile. Holding it loosely in your jaws, you padded towards the warriors den, before settling down next to its entrance.

You looked around for a moment. Still no sign of Brightheart.

After a moment, you ate and finished your mouse in a few slow bites, before standing up and shaking out your fur. Your limbs were a bit stiff due to the cold weather, and you could smell the snow that was on its way.

"Hey, (W/n)!" You froze as you heard Brightheart's familiar voice, and you turned to see the scarred she-cat trotting towards you. Her only good eye gleamed in the pale sunlight as she trotted over to you, her whiskers twitching. "There you are! When I woke up, you were already gone."

You blinked; she was right. You had left the warriors den before the she-cat had woken, hoping to avoid having to speak to her until you could push these feelings away.

"Is something wrong?" Brightheart tilted her head after you didn't respond. Her green eye glittered with worry as you sighed, shaking your head.

"I'm fine," You meowed, forcing your voice to sound friendly. "I'm just tired, I didn't sleep very well."

"Come in the den and take a nap, then." The ginger-and-white she-cat mewed, nodding towards the den. "I'm pretty tired myself, we can share a nest."

You tensed up at this, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. Sharing a

nest with her? It wouldn't be so weird if you didn't have a crush on this she-cat. The problem was, that would only further your feelings towards her.

"I'm going to go hunting first," You meowed quickly. "I'll be back though." Without waiting for her to respond, you turned and darted towards the camp entrance. Your heart was pounding in your ears as you ran through the forest; what was *wrong* with you? You'd had crushes before, but not a single one of them had made you feel like *this*. You couldn't think straight, you couldn't sleep, you could barely even eat.

You raced towards the lake, the icy breeze raking through your fur. You needed a place to think, just for a little while.

You slowed to a trot as you emerged onto the pebbles around the waters edge, and you took in a deep breath. The lake always looked beautiful to you, and it always helped you to think a bit better.

You got close to the water, careful not to get close enough to where the water would touch your paws; with the air being this cold, wet fur wasn't something you wanted to deal with.

You sat for a long while, staring out over the waves. Of course, Brightheart was still on your mind. Frustrated with yourself, you dug your claws into the pebbles below you. "StarClan," You hissed, lifting your muzzle to look at the sky, which had grown cloudy. "What's wrong with me?"

Of course, there was no answer. The only thing you heard was the calming lap of the waves around you, and the slight breeze rustling the bare tree branches.

"Why'd I have to go and fall for *Brightheart*, of all cats?" You growled, lowering your gaze once again. You weren't the type of cat to go mooning over a tom, or a she-cat even. This wasn't like you. "Why couldn't I have fallen for a tom?"

"Maybe because all of the toms in our clan are mouse-brains," You leaped to your paws, whipping around to see that Brightheart was standing a few tail-lengths behind you. Her good eye was glowing

in amusement at her own comment. "I never knew you felt that way, (w/n)."

You were speechless, and ashamed. *Mouse-brain!* You cursed yourself. *I need to stop talking out loud.*

"Why didn't you tell me?" She blinked as she neared, her voice soft.

It was too late to take anything back now, she knew how you felt, and you had nothing left to hide. "We're both she-cats," You muttered, avoiding her gaze. "I didn't know how you'd feel about that."

Brightheart was silent for a moment, before she let out a purr. "I'm not against it, of course not." She mewed. "I'd never really thought about it before, but I don't really mind the gender of my mate, as long as they love me, and I love them."

You blinked and looked back up at your clan-mate, your heart skipping a beat. Was she saying she wanted to try? Your legs felt weak as she pressed her muzzle to your cheek, her breath warm against your fur.

Dizzy, you felt yourself stumble, and before you knew it, the icy cold lake water soaked your fur as you fell over into the waves.

"(W/n)!" Brightheart gasped, but as you found your footing and stood up, she let out a loud purr. "You're soaked, now. What were you hoping to gain by doing that?" Her eye gleamed with humor.

You huffed, shaking your fur out and spraying her with water droplets. "I didn't do it on p-purpose, that's for sure." You meowed, already beginning to shake from the cold.

"Come on," Brightheart purred, pressing her warm pelt against your own as she led the way back to camp. "Let's get you to Leafpool and get you warmed up. We'll *definitely* need to share a nest now, so you don't freeze to death."

***END***

*What'd you guys think? I'm working on the Tigerstar request next, and*

*then a few more! Feel free to comment requests!*

# Tigerstar x Reader

[image]

**Requested by:** Nightshade-Quinn

**Your rank:** Warrior

**Your clan:** ThunderClan

**Your gender:** She-cat

**What you need to know:** Tigerstar is alive in this one-shot, and he is currently leader of TigerClan (RiverClan and ShadowClan together) and you're a ThunderClan warrior. This takes place around the time of the Darkest Hour book.

**Extra notes:** This oneshot was based off of the song "There are worse things I could do" so when reading, keep that in mind! The song is linked with this chapter, so if you want to listen to it, feel free! Also, this is the first ever oneshot I've written based off a song, so I hope it turned out alright! It's not completely based off it, and i'm not too familiar with the song, so I went along with the lyrics to try and make something. Pretty much, the reader doesn't fit in due to her obvious affection for Tigerstar, and the clan thinks she's no good. So, enough of my talking lmao, enjoy the chapter!

***

You trotted through ThunderClan territory, a squirrel dangling from your jaws. Your (F/C) pelt was messy as you made your way back to camp, as the squirrel had led you through a cluster of brambles; You had went out hunting alone, wanting to get away from all the drama that was currently going on in your clan.

Tigerstar, who was formerly of your own clan, had turned out to be a traitor. The clan had been shocked, while you really didn't care. You'd been kind of close with him, which meant the cats in your own clan were cautious around you. Did they think you were a

traitor, too?

You pushed through the camp barrier, emerging into the clearing; you felt like turning around and heading back out. The camp air seemed too tense, and you didn't really have any other cat to hang out with. You just never seemed to fit in here, but since you'd been born in ThunderClan, you figured you didn't have much of a choice but to stay.

"Hey, (W/N)!" A voice made you stop in your path towards the fresh-kill pile, and you turned to see a golden-brown tabby trotting towards you, his green eyes bright.

You dropped your squirrel at your paws, blinking curiously at him. "Thornpaw," You greeted, your ears twitching.

"Mousefur is taking me on a border patrol, and Frostfur is coming." Thornpaw mewed, his tail held high. "Would you like to come?"

You looked thoughtful for a moment, wondering if you should accept his invitation. You'd just come back from hunting, after all. Though, you'd only caught a single squirrel, so you hadn't had much luck. Maybe it wouldn't be that bad to go along?

"Sure," You decided, waving your tail. "Let me take this to the fresh-kill pile, first. I'll meet you at the camp entrance."

Thornpaw nodded, before trotting back towards where Mousefur stood. A moment later, the two cats padded on towards the camp entrance, where Frostfur already sat waiting.

You carried the squirrel to the fresh-kill pile, dropping it from your jaws and shaking out your fur. You'd just have to groom it once you got back.

You trotted back towards the entrance, earning a few suspicious looks from a few warriors you passed on your way. You were used to this, though. Since Tigerstar had left, it seemed like none of your own clan-mates trusted you. He'd asked you to go with him to exile, but your paws wouldn't allow you to do such a thing; though, you weren't really sure why.

Tigerstar had since joined both ShadowClan and RiverClan together, and renamed their newly formed group 'TigerClan.'

Part of you wishes you could've went with him, but you know he'd probably never accept you now that you'd already refused.

As you followed the patrol through the woods, you continued to think of the dark tabby tom. You'd enjoyed his presence, and now that he'd left the clan, you wouldn't be able to spend time with him anymore.

The patrol traveled down the border that smelled strongly of ShadowClan, with a hint of RiverClan.

"Disgusting," Mousefur commented, wrinkling her nose. "How could StarClan let this happen? There are supposed to be *four* clans in the forest."

"Do you think we'll run into any other clan cats?" Thornpaw meowed, his tail-tip twitching.

"I don't know," Frostfur commented, her muzzle lifted as she sniffed the air. "If we do, hopefully there won't be many. There's very few of us."

"*I* think we could fight off the whole of 'TigerClan!'" Thornpaw huffed, saying the word 'TigerClan' as if it were the most disgusting thing he'd ever heard of.

The patrol continued for a while in silence, before a strong, yet familiar scent hit your muzzle. You opened your mouth to get a better scent, but you still couldn't put a word on the smell. Did your patrol smell it, too?

They most likely didn't; the patrol kept on trotting ahead of you, as if nothing were out of the ordinary. You couldn't just ignore it. Something about it was so... *welcoming.*

"Hey," You meowed, catching the attention of your fellow clan-mates. "I smell prey. You two continue on ahead, i'll catch up."

Mousefur blinked at you, her tail waving. "Alright," She meowed.

"Just don't get too close to the border. We have enough trouble with the other clans as it is."

You nodded, before turning and padding back the way you'd come. You followed the scent along the border for a small while, before realizing it veered back off into ShadowClan territory. You blinked, slightly frustrated. It was another cat, you were sure. You took another breath in, straining to remember what that scent was.

Suddenly, a wave of realization hit you as a certain tabby flashed in your mind. "That's-"

You cut off as there was a snap from somewhere in front of you, and out of the shelter of a holly bush stepped a muscular, familiar shape. His amber eyes gleamed, and his ears were perked.

"Tigerstar!" You breathed, taking a step back. Fear rushed through you; was he angry with you for refusing to join him? What would he do to you?

"(W/n)," He rumbled, stepping confidently towards you. As always, his limbs were filled with energy and strength. You felt almost hypnotized by his gaze as his eyes locked with yours. "Long time no see."

You nodded, unable to speak. It had been moons since the tom had left ThunderClan, and you hadn't been to any gatherings since he'd become leader. You hadn't felt up to it, and you were scared of meeting him face-to-face after turning him down.

"How's the prey running in ThunderClan?" He meowed, though his voice was uninterested as he spoke of his former clan. Was he just trying to find ways to start a conversation with you? You mentally clawed yourself. He wouldn't do such a thing. At least, not for a cat like yourself.

"Fine." You meowed, trying hard to keep your tone even. "As good as usual, I guess."

"Then that's not bad." He meowed, his amber gaze narrowed. "Tell me, are my kits well taken care of?"

"Yes," You meowed, remembering the two apprentices back in your own clan. "Tawnypaw and Bramblepaw are well. They're already two of the strongest cats in the clan."

"I'm sure they are." Tigerstar had a slight purr in his voice as he seemed to remember his two kits. "Are they happy in ThunderClan?"

"They seem to be." You shrugged. You'd noticed how hesitant Tawnypaw was, but you didn't want to give the TigerClan leader a reason to attack ThunderClan. You may not fit in there, but you'd never want another cat to get hurt over something you'd accidentally said.

Tigerstar was quiet for a long moment, his gaze thoughtful as he looked at you. "Are *you* happy in ThunderClan?"

You tensed, unsure of how to answer. *Were* you happy in ThunderClan? All of your clan-mates only seemed to tolerate you, though they were always casting angry or suspicious glares in your direction. Even Firestar, ThunderClan's leader, seemed hesitant around you. You'd done your best to try and prove your loyalty to your birth clan, but since Tigerstar had left, no cat could trust you. Darkstripe, Tigerstar's former friend and one of his closest allies in ThunderClan, had been treated with hostility as well, and so had Longtail. Though, for some reason, you'd seemed to be the main target of ThunderClan's hostility.

No, you weren't happy. But if you joined Tigerstar's clan, would you ever feel comfortable? And, if you joined him, would you and Tigerstar ever become more than just simple friends?

You stayed quiet for a long time, while Tigerstar patiently waited your answer. You *loved* this tom. But what if he didn't feel the same way? You'd never feel comfortable unless you had a strong bond with some cat in TigerClan, and you didn't think the muscular tom in front of you would ever consider something like that. Yet, maybe you'd fit in more than you did in ThunderClan.

"I'm..." You stared at your paws. "No, i'm not happy." You admitted to him.

"ThunderClan is led by a weak-hearted cat," Tigerstar rumbled, his amber eyes seeming to glow with excitement. "Come to TigerClan. You'll be happier with me."

"What if I don't fit in?" You fretted, gazing up at him.

"You'll fit in." Tigerstar comforted you, leaning forward. His breath washed over your muzzle, and his familiar scent made you relax. "I need a cat that I've known for a long time, a cat I trust. I need you."

You froze at his last three words. 'I need you.' Did he really need you? The thought made your heart skip a beat. If you left with Tigerstar now, you'd never have to go back to ThunderClan. They wouldn't have to worry about where your loyalties lie, or if they could trust you. Even if Tigerstar didn't feel the same way for you, at least you would be making everyone happy, including yourself.

"Come with me." Tigerstar insisted, weaving around you. The warmth of his pelt made you sigh, your entire body relaxing. "We can be the strongest cats in the entire forest. With you at my side, none of the clans will stand a chance."

You locked eyes with him once again, your breath shaking as you nodded. "I'll come with you." You meowed, your voice soft but sure.

Tigerstar's eyes brightened at this, and his throat rumbled with a loud purr. "I'm glad to hear you say that." He meowed, his muzzle brushing against your cheek. "I promise, you won't regret this."

As you followed Tigerstar across the border and deeper into TigerClan territory, for the first time in your life, you felt a sense of purpose. You were determined to prove yourself to your new clan, and maybe, Tigerstar would see you as more than just a friend.

***END***

(A/N): *Hey guys, I hope you enjoyed it! I'm so sorry if it didn't exactly suit the song, like I said i'm new to making song-fics or whatever they're called. If you enjoyed it, please vote and comment your suggestions!*

# Longtail x Reader

**Requested by:** lani2207

**Your clan:** ThunderClan

**Your rank:** Warrior

**Your gender:** She-cat

**Notes:** As stated, you're a warrior in ThunderClan; this book takes place in The Darkest Hour, shortly after Darkstripe was caught trying to kill Sorrelkit and was banished from the clan. Longtail and the reader aren't close or very friendly to each other, and haven't ever really been friends when this chapter starts.

***

Sunlight beamed through the trees, straight into the ThunderClan camp. You were laying on your side in a patch of grass, the sun hot on your (F/c) fur. It felt nice to relax, since the whole clan seemed to be on edge right now. Normally, you'd be just as uneasy as the others, but right now, you didn't want to think about any of the chaos.

Tigerstar, leader of a new clan called 'TigerClan' had left a while back after being exiled for attempting to kill ThunderClan's former leader, Bluestar. You'd never been too fond of the tom, he'd always had a hostile air around him, and it didn't come as too much of a shock to you when you found out he was a traitor. But, of course, you had been horrified.

And, not very long ago, Darkstripe had left to join him after he was caught attempting to kill a kit in ThunderClan. You huffed when you thought of it, pure hatred coursing through you as you remembered the dark-furred tom. How could a warrior do such a thing? Especially to a *kit*?

You stood up, shaking a few scraps from your pelt and stretching. Your chest felt tight with frustration as you continued to think of all the horrible things that had been happening lately, and you silently cursed yourself. You were trying to relax, not make yourself angry with these things!

Maybe going out to hunt would be a good way to unwind. You could take a patrol, the more prey you brought back the better, right?

You gave your fur a few licks to straighten it out, before padding towards the fresh-kill pile, where the clan deputy, Whitestorm, sat talking to Dustpelt.

When you approached, Whitestorm turned to look at you curiously.

You dipped your head to the large white tom. "Whitestorm," You greeted. "I was going to go out hunting, and figured maybe I could take a few cats with me on a patrol?"

Whitestorm nodded, his tail waving. "That would be great. Can you take Graystripe, Longtail, and Cloudtail with you?"

You felt your heart drop at Longtail's name. Longtail had been one of Tigerstar's allies when he was in ThunderClan, and you'd never gotten along with him to begin with. He was a snarky, mouse-brained tom, and you didn't trust him. But, it was too late to argue now. You were stuck with the patrol Whitestorm had named.

Forcing your fur to stay flat, you dipped your head to the clan deputy, before turning and padding back towards the center of camp to gather your patrol.

Cloudtail sat near the camp entrance, his blue eyes wide as he talked happily with Brackenfur. Graystripe was outside the warriors den, his own amber eyes narrowed in the sunlight. Longtail, however, was nowhere to be seen.

"Graystripe," You meowed as you approached the gray tom. "I'm going on a hunting patrol. Whitestorm wants me to take you, Longtail, and Cloudtail."

Graystripe stood up, relief seeming to gleam in his eyes. "Great! I'm tired of sitting around camp."

"Yeah," You agreed, since you'd done just about the same thing. "Have you seen Longtail?"

"He went to talk to Firestar a few moments ago, he'll be back soon. I'll go tell Cloudtail, and we can wait on you if you want." Graystripe offered, and you nodded.

"Alright." You meowed, tail-tip twitching as Graystripe trotted towards the camp entrance.

It wasn't long before Longtail emerged from the den beneath high-rock, his blue-green eyes narrowing when you padded towards him.

"Whitestorm wants you on a hunting patrol with me." You meowed, forcing your tone to stay calm.

Longtail blinked, his ear twitching.  "Great," He meowed, a hint of sarcasm in his tone. "Okay. Lead the way, (W/n)."

***Time skip***

You led your patrol through the woods, your jaws parted as you tasted the air for any prey scent. Soon enough, you came to a halt, the scent of vole washing over your tongue.

"I scent vole," You whispered to your patrol. "I'm going after it. Wait here, and if you scent anything else, go after it."

"Alright." Graystripe meowed, dropping into a crouch. Cloudtail did the same, while Longtail sat down, avoiding your gaze as he rasped his tongue over his paw. You felt a rush of anger towards the tom, but kept your fur flat. *Dumb furball!* You hissed in your head.

As you dropped into a hunters crouch and eased forward, you crept forward, your belly fur brushing the ground. Finally, you spotted the small brown body of the vole scurrying among some tree roots.

You crept further towards the small shape, stepping carefully so as not to make any noise.

Once you'd gotten close enough, you bunched your muscles, and with a push of your back legs, you leaped forward, paws outstretched.

To your horror, your paws hit the wood where the vole had just been. You hissed in frustration and turned to dart after the vole, which had disappeared around the tree.

You almost yowled in surprise as you barreled into another cat, landing with a *thud* on the ground next to the other cat. You jumped to your paws, claws unsheathed, before letting out an irritated growl.

"Longtail!" You hissed as you recognized the familiar pelt. "What in the name of StarClan are you doing? I told you to wait back there!"

Longtail stood up, the vole dangling from his jaws. His blue-green eyes glittered with satisfaction as he dropped the prey at your paws. "Good thing I didn't, or we wouldn't have this."

You looked down at the vole, before looking back up at the warrior. "Tch!" You spat, flustered. "I could've caught it."

"Sure," Longtail rolled his eyes, his tone mocking. "And i'm a mouse."

You flattened your ears, wishing you could rake your claws across his smug face. "Whatever," You growled, whipping around. "Bury it somewhere here and we'll come back for it."

Longtail let out an amused purr. "Yes, oh dear clan leader." He meowed, earning an irritated hiss from you.

Once he'd buried the vole and met back up with the patrol, you continued on, farther into the territory. Neither Longtail nor you brought up the incident, and you felt your fur growing hot as you felt the pale tabby warrior's gaze looking you over.

"(W/N), Let's split up," Graystripe suggested, his tone seeming amused. Had he noticed how flustered you were? "We'll catch more that way. We can meet up back here."

"Sure," You meowed, turning to look at your patrol. Now, instead of avoiding your gaze, Longtail stared directly at you, his gaze unreadable. "Graystripe, you go with-"

"Cloudtail," Graystripe finished, his gaze flicking back and fourth between you and Longtail. His tone was amused and excited as he brushed past Cloudtail, signaling for the white warrior to follow. "See you soon!" Before you realized what was going on, Graystripe disappeared through the undergrowth, with Cloudtail following close behind.

"Flea-brains!" You hissed after them, careful not to yowl and scare away any prey that might be near.

"Come on," Longtail snorted, his own gaze amused. "Let's go. We don't seem to have a choice."

"I'm the leader of this patrol, *I* should be deciding who goes where!"

Longtail chuckled, his ear twitching. "Well, it's too late. Lead the way, oh great one." He purred. Normally his tone was mocking, but you sensed a hint of affection in his purr.

Pelt hot with nervousness, you huffed and padded off in a different direction. Longtail followed close behind as you stomped through the trees, ears laid back.

"Careful," Longtail meowed from behind you. "You sound like a badger. You're going to scare all of the prey away at this rate."

You shot him an angry glare. *I'm patrol leader, I can do what I want!* You ignored him, tail lashing once as you continued to stomp through the woods. All of a sudden, the ground left from under your paws, and you tumbled down a small dip in the earth, landing on your back with a hiss.

Longtail slid down the small dip, halting beside you. "Are you okay?" He meowed, and there was a hint of genuine worry in his mew.

You pushed yourself to your paws, shaking the dirt from your fur as you met his gaze. "I'm fine." You growled.

Longtail's relief was obvious in his eyes as he blinked at you. "You're as clumsy as a badger too, it seems." He purred.

You rolled your eyes, your chest seeming to flutter at the warmth in his gaze. Yet again, you cursed yourself silently. He's an arrogant fur-ball! You shouldn't like a cat like him.

Though, as you traveled a bit further into the woods, you couldn't help but feel a bit of shameless affection for the tom. He was quite handsome, for sure. Maybe he wasn't that bad.

***Another time skip***

You and Longtail padded side-by-side through the woods, two mice clenched in your jaws, while Longtail carried a pidgeon in his own jaws.

As you reached the spot where you were supposed to meet up with Graystripe and Cloudtail, you dropped your prey, while Longtail did the same.

"Guess they're not back yet," You meowed, eyes narrowed as you looked in the direction the two toms had went.

"Guess not." Longtail mewed, his eyes glimmering.

You two were silent for a long moment, before you sighed. "Do you miss them?" You mewed, earning a confused glance from Longtail.

"Who, Graystripe and Cloudtail?" His whiskers twitched as he let out a chuckle.

"No," You meowed, casting a playful glare at him. "Tigerstar, and Darkstripe."

Longtail blinked at you, his gaze darkening. "They were my friends, of course I miss them." He meowed. "But they betrayed us, and *me*, by doing the evil things they've done. I don't want any part of their plans. I don't regret staying, either. I'd miss ThunderClan too much."

Relief washed over you as you heard him say that. You were about to respond, but cut off when he continued.

"I'd miss *you* too much." He meowed quietly.

You tensed, your gaze flickering towards him in shock. What did he just say? Was he admitting to liking you?

"You'd miss *me?*" You breathed, almost unable to talk. This arrogant... *Handsome* tom liked you? You felt your fur grow hot once again, and you blinked. He stared at you, as if waiting for a response.

You hated to admit it, but you liked him too. Sure, he was arrogant, and sometimes quite rude, but he was... He was a loyal tom, with a great personality.

You held your breath for a moment, before you finally opened your jaws to respond. "I... I love you, Longtail." You meowed, your breath almost catching in your throat.

Longtail's eyes lit up, and a purr rumbled in his throat. "I love you, too, (W/N)."

"*Finally!*" You jumped as Graystripe and Cloudtail appeared from a clump of ferns, their eyes gleaming. Graystripe let out a loud purr as they approached, his amber eyes wide. "I was wondering when you two would finally admit your feelings to each other!"

You glared at Graystripe, while Longtail just made an amused sniff from behind you. "You two! Did you even catch anything?" You hissed, your fur hot with embarrassment.

"Yep," Graystripe meowed, waving his tail. "We buried it back there. We'll go get it, you two love-birds go back to camp." He purred.

"*I'm* the one who caught it all," Cloudtail snorted, giving Graystripe a playful shove.

"Right," Graystripe mewed sarcastically. "Sure you did."

As the patrol split back up once again, you and Longtail carried your prey in your jaws, his pelt brushing your own as you traveled back towards camp.

This arrogant fur-ball most definitely wasn't that bad.

***END***

# Blackstar x Reader

**Requested by:** I think I've seen a few requests for Blackstar, but this is kind of a story for myself (my own idea) because I love Blackstar! So this one is to no one in particular.

**Your clan:** None, rogue

**Your gender:** She-cat

**Notes:** This chapter will be taking place around the book 'Eclipse' from The Power of Three, so if you want to know the allegiances, check that book! Other than that, you don't need to know much else. Also, (R/N) = your rogue name.

***

You padded slowly through the lush, green forest. Your senses were filled with the strong scent of prey all around you; You'd never seen even a greenleaf that was this rich with prey. Greenleaf normally brought prey, yes, but this season seemed even more plentiful.

You'd only just ate not long ago, so you didn't have much interest in hunting at the moment. You were just enjoying a calm stroll through the forest.

You wanted to go towards the lake, but you had been told to stay clear of the land around it. Groups of cats lived around it, and your friend, (Friend's name) had told you that they were far from friendly. They were especially strict about their 'territory' and would gladly kill a cat who strayed too close.

You had insisted to (Friend) that you could handle yourself, but they'd told you how many of the wild cats there were, and you'd suddenly felt hesitant. *Savages.* You thought bitterly. How was it fair for an entire forest to be claimed by a group of cats? You'd lived around here all your life, if anything, the forest should belong to *you!*

Either way, you found it frustrating that you couldn't go to the lake to relax like you used to when you were younger. Or... Maybe you could? If you avoided any other cats and tried to sneak through the old pine forest, you could make it. Memories flooded your mind as you thought of the pine forest where your mother used to take you on the way to the lake. The scent of pine sap always filled your mouth, and you hadn't been there since your mother had died from sickness.

*I'll go,* You decided. *Those savages can't stop me!* You veered off, heading deeper into the woods. You could fight quite well, and if there were too many to fight, you were also a fast runner. Either way, you'd be able to handle yourself.

You traveled for a while, until finally the faint smell of pine sap hit your nose. Though it was faint, it was sharp, and full of memories.

You were almost there. Maybe it'd be best to slow down, and sneak forward.

You slowed your pace, and dropped into a crouch. You eased yourself forward, until finally the forest began to change around you into what seemed like an entirely new forest; you crept deeper into the pine forest, avoiding big open spots and sneaking from bush to bush.

*This is easy!* You thought, your chest fluttering with excitement. *I haven't even seen any cats. Maybe this part of the forest was never claimed.*

As you continued through the pines, you stopped to take a short break. A few scraps of leaves and debris clung to your pelt, so once you'd settled comfortably underneath some brambles, you turned and began to groom your fur.

The strong, sharp scent of pine still filled your senses, and you found it hard to smell anything else.

You tensed up with horror as you heart pawsteps coming from somewhere, and you pushed yourself closer to the ground. *Please, don't let them find me!*

You silently cursed yourself for deciding to head towards the lake. You were already regretting your decision. Why couldn't you have just listened to your friend about the danger?

You backed up as you saw a black and white tom, a long-furred white she-cat, and in front of them walked a huge white tom with black paws. His fur was parted in many places with scars, and his amber eyes glittered as he held his head high. They were a good ways away, but they were headed right for your hiding spot.

You waited for a moment, hoping they'd turn and go somewhere else; and, to your relief, the three cats stopped a few tail-lengths away.

The cat who had been in the lead turned and waved his tail to the others. "We'll hunt around here. Crowfrost, Whitewater, split up and meet me back here in a bit."

The other two cats nodded, before splitting up and disappearing into the pine forest. The massive tom waited for a moment, before turning back around and sniffing the air. You tensed as his ears perked, and he looked towards your hiding spot.

Did he think you were prey?

The white tom dropped into a crouch, before sliding forward towards your hiding spot. His amber eyes gleamed, and you felt your (F/C) fur bristle with fear. He was huge, he'd shred you!

*Oh, no!* You thought, eyes widening when the tom bunched his muscles. You turned and darted from the bush, low to the ground. Almost as soon as you'd left your hiding spot, you felt weight drop on top of you, and you were suddenly pinned to the ground.

"A rogue!" You heard the tom hiss from where he stood on top of you. "Do you realize that you're on ShadowClan territory?" He hissed.

You struggled to push the muscular tom off of you, but he didn't budge. "I was just heading to the lake," You whimpered. "Is that so bad?"

"Why were you hiding?" The tom growled, his breath ruffling your ear fur.

"I heard there were groups of cats living near the lake, and that they were dangerous," You explained, your voice quivering. "I meant no harm!"

You felt the weight vanish from your shoulders, and you pushed yourself to your paws. You turned to face the huge tom, tensing up in case you needed to run.

"You heard right." The tom growled, though his growl seemed forced. His tone was laced with curiosity now.

"I'm sorry for trespassing," You lowered your gaze as the tom narrowed his own amber eyes. "I used to spend days with my mother at the lake. I only wanted to visit it again."

The tom was quiet for a few heartbeats, before he spoke again, his tone softening. "What's your name?"

"(R/N)." You answered cautiously, looking back up to look at him.

"I'm Blackstar," The tom flicked his tail. "Leader of ShadowClan."

*Leader?* You blinked. This huge tom was *leader*!

You dipped your head slightly, gaining a grunt from Blackstar. "You said you're going to the lake. I can escort you there."

You opened your mouth to tell him you knew the way, but his piercing stare kept you quiet for a moment. "Alright." You sighed. Blackstar nodded, before turning around and waving with his tail for you to follow.

***Time skip***

As you emerged onto the shore of the lake behind Blackstar, you felt your heart twist with emotion at the familiar sight of the water. Your mind was filled with memories of your mother, and you whimpered slightly as you sat down at the waters edge.

You hadn't noticed that Blackstar followed and sat down beside you, his gaze focused across the water. "Where's your mother?" He meowed softly.

"She died," You meowed, your ears flat. "Killed by sickness and hunger."

"I'm sorry." Blackstar meowed, his voice genuinely caring. "I've lost cats due to hunger and sickness as well."

"Do any of you ever come and sit by the lake?" You meowed, turning to look at the leader, hoping to change the subject.

"Sometimes." Blackstar shrugged. "Most of the time we're too busy hunting or defending our territory."

You suddenly grew curious of the forest cats lives, and you shuffled your paws a bit against the pebbles. "What's it like?"

"What, living in a clan?" Blackstar looked at you, his eyes narrowed. You nodded. "It's great. We live, hunt and fight for each other to protect the clan. There's no better feeling."

Your ears twitched in interest as he explained a bit of clan life to you. It all sounded so organized, and much more peaceful than you'd first thought. Your friend had made it sound as if there were cats being killed every day.

"It sounds nice," You meowed, your whiskers twitching. "My friend made it sound as if you were all savages."

"Most rogues and kittypets spread that rumor, though it's best that way." Blackstar chuckled. "It keeps unwanted guests out of our territory. Though that didn't keep *you* out of our borders. You're brave, that's for sure."

Your fur grew hot with his compliment, and you shifted your paws once again.

Blackstar was silent for a long while, his expression unreadable as he seemed to be in deep thought. After a while, he looked at you, his gaze serious now. "I'd normally never make this offer," He

meowed, catching you off guard. "But how would you like to join our clan? We need more warriors, and you'd make a fine cat."

You stared at him, your jaw dropping slightly. He was asking you to join his clan! You'd never expected your day to go like *this*. Though, as your shock ebbed away, it was replaced with excitement. You had no doubt in your mind that you wanted to join.

You opened your mouth to accept his offer, but he cut you off. "Before you make your decision, you must know that ShadowClan is hesitant of rogues. They might treat you as an outsider until you earn their trust. You'd have to be ready for that."

You nodded. You understood why they'd be hesitant to bring in an outsider. Nonetheless, this didn't change your decision. "I'd be honored to join." You meowed after a few heartbeats.

Blackstar's amber gaze seemed to glimmer with relief. "I'm glad to hear it." He meowed, getting to his paws. "And i'm sure you and I will become close friends as well, (r/n)."

As you stood and followed him back towards the treeline, you heard him mutter; "Maybe one day, even more than friends."

***END***

**(A/N):** I'm trying to update regularly, bare with me!

# IMPORTANT A/N

**Warning:** *Though this is important, I'm warning you now, if you get offended easily, don't read past a certain point. There will be another warning once things start getting 'offensive.'*

Hey guys! I know most of you most likely hate A/N chapters as much as I do when it comes to reading oneshots, but this is very important. I need to cover a few topics regarding this oneshot book.

So, as most of you know I made this book A LONG time ago, and stopped updating for over two years, mainly because I forgot this account existed, and I was always on my main page, Shadowflight156. I'm pretty sure chapters aren't publicly dated for you all to see, but please don't be commenting on my old chapters that my writing style needs to change in any way, because it's annoying.

And, while I accept criticism, I only enjoy it when I personally ask for criticism. If I didn't ask for it, I tend to take it as an insult rather than suggestion. I'm quite confident in my ability to write as well as draw, so I'm picky when it comes to criticism; I don't mind it, I just don't prefer to have it unless I'm looking for it.

So, the main topics I need to cover are along the same lines.

Most reader-insert oneshot books are written in the view of a female reader, or an unspecified gender reader. There are a few male!reader oneshot books, which makes me happy that everyone is so considerate.

So, when I'm writing my own oneshots, while I say in the beginning of the chapter that a reader is a she-cat, I still try to use less pronouns regarding the reader, so that it's more of a unspecified gender. So feel free to imagine yourself as a tom, if you wish. But if you want a male!reader, I suggest you comment it as a request; I'm more than glad to write male x male oneshots. But unless it's

requested, I mostly do she-cats rather than toms when it comes to the reader.

If you're not okay with that, you know where the door is. I write how I write, and I don't appreciate anyone getting upset because my writing style isn't enjoyable for them. Go find another writer if you don't enjoy my style, but i'm not changing it *just because you don't like it.*

Like I said, feel free to request gay/lesbian oneshots. I have nothing against it and actually find it cute. But what I don't find cute is when readers decide to freak out about someone else's art or writing style.

I'll continue writing this book, but if I get any more comments or private messages crying because they don't enjoy my style or the way I write my books, then i'm just going to label this book as complete and not update it anymore.

So, thank you for your time if you actually read this. But if you guys are commenting and you see someone crying about something, be sure to tell them about this chapter and that this book will be canceled if this continues.

I take time out of my day to write these oneshots, and sometimes I don't even have motivation to do so, but I do it in order to make others happy. If people aren't going to respect that, then I can always just stop, because I don't HAVE to write oneshots.

**!!Warning!!** *Don't read past this point if you get insulted easily. I'm going on a full out rant, and it won't be pretty. If you do read past this point and get butthurt anyways, don't comment rude remarks, else i'll be more than glad to block you.*

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Okay, so here comes a rant.

Unfortunately, i'm slowly drifting away from the Warrior's fandom due to the immaturity of a lot of the fans. There's a lot of amazing fans, artists and writers out there in this fandom, but i'm specifically talking about the fans who decide to bully others due to their sexuality, ships, or opinions in general. I hate to say it, but this is one of the worst fandom's I've ever been in. I'm not required to make oneshots, no one is forcing me to do so. I could always stop, but I do it for the fans.

But the fact that some fans try to rush writers/artists or beg them to do something is ridiculous. I've been so stressed out the past few weeks, and one of the most annoying things is when people come onto chapters and say things like 'this sucks!!1!' or 'You need to update more often!!11!'

I'm so glad you guys like my writing (or if you don't, good for you. Leave lol no ones forcing you to stay) but please don't beg me to update. I have an EXTREMELY stressful life outside of wattpad, stressful to the point that I've begun self-harming again, and almost ended up in the hospital twice. So you never know what a writer or artist is going through, and it is NOT okay to rush, bully, harass, or anything else when it comes to writing or drawing. I think this goes to all fandoms.

Obviously, this isn't directed at anyone, this is just facts, and something that all fandoms seriously need to work on. If there's one thing I hate the most in the warriors fandom, it's the fact that a lot of the fans are immature, and don't like anyone's opinion except their own. That, and they don't care about others or what they're going through.

Again, don't get butthurt and comment anything like 'bISH THATS NOT TRUE SCREW OFF' lol i'll just block you, and if I get too much hate from this, i'll remove the book completely from wattpad.

So, I just needed to get that out there. Feels a lot better to have it off my chest. I'm working on a part 2 of the Blackstar x Reader since so many people requested it, so be looking forward to that!

# Blackstar x Reader (Pt 2)

**Notes:** You guys asked, you shall receive! A part two to the last Blackstar x Reader oneshot. Any needed information can be found there, regarding the reader's info (gender and stuff).

You trotted through the pine forest, your paws falling confidently into place as you traveled through the now familiar ShadowClan territory. Your jaws were clamped firmly over a plump squirrel, it's tail dragging across the ground at your paws.

You'd went out hunting alone, hoping to catch something that would feed the clan quite well. Not only had you caught the squirrel, but you'd caught a mouse as well as a fair sized pigeon. Hopefully this would be of some help to the clan. You'd only been living with ShadowClan for a few moons, and you were trying desperately to prove that you were just as loyal as any of your clan-mates.

You pushed through the barrier of the camp, and emerged into the clearing. You started towards the fresh-kill pile, ready to drop of your catch and head back to fetch the rest. As you neared the prey heap, you felt eyes following your movements. You dropped the squirrel onto the pile, and turned to see the ShadowClan leader staring at you from just outside of his den. His amber eyes glowed with interest, and you felt your pelt grew hot as he glanced towards the squirrel you had just brought in. Was it enough?

You tensed as Blackstar stood and started towards you, his eyes warm rather than angry. You relaxed slightly as he neared, his tail swaying. "You're adapting quite well, (W/n)." He purred. "You're already one of the best hunters in the clan."

Your ears burned with both embarrassment and happiness from the leaders praise. You shifted your paws slightly, not wanting to meet his gaze quite yet. "I need to go fetch the rest of my prey," You meowed, staring towards the camp entrance. "I caught a mouse and a pigeon as well, I didn't want to return without plenty of prey."

Blackstar gave a soft, raspy purr. "Just the squirrel would have been enough, even if you hadn't been able to catch anything else." He meowed. "Either way, I can go with you. I need a nice walk out of camp."

You turned to look at him, excitement fizzing in your chest at the thought of having a nice stroll through the woods with your leader. Though he was normally ill-tempered, he seemed to have a soft spot for you, which you never understood, but you couldn't deny that you were glad he seemed to care so much for you.

"Alright, i'd like that." You purred, earning a small nod from Blackstar. He turned around and searched the clearing for a moment, before letting out a meow to summon his deputy, Russetfur. The familiar dark-ginger she-cat padded quickly towards where you and Blackstar stood, blinking in question at her leader.

"I'm going out to fetch some more prey that (W/n) caught, I'd like you to organize a patrol to renew the scent markers along ThunderClan's borders while i'm gone." Blackstar meowed, and Russetfur dipped her head respecfully.

As the deputy turned and padded towards the warriors den, you blinked. Though you'd been with the clan for a few moons, you hadn't learned too much of the other clans. You'd been to a full-moon gathering, but mainly stuck with your own clan-mates, due to your nervousness.

You had earned your warrior name only a few sunrises ago, and of that you were proud. As long as you were here, you couldn't care less about the other clans and what they did unless they were harming your own clan.

"I'm ready to head out when you are," Blackstar's voice pulled you from your thoughts, and you blinked. "Lead the way."

"Me?" Your eyes widened.

"You're the one who knows where the prey is buried." Blackstar meowed, his eyes glinting with amusement, and you nodded, still surprised to be leading your leader through the territory.

"Right," You mewed, straightening up. "Let's go, then."

***

You led the way through the trees, your tail held straight up as you walked. Your (F/c) pelt was well groomed, as usual, and Blackstar was close behind you.

You re-traced your steps back towards where you'd left your prey, and a wave of satisfaction washed over you as you uncovered the fresh-kill with your paws.

"Here it is," You mewed, looking at Blackstar, who stood across from you. His amber eyes glowed as he looked at the prey, and then back up at you.

"You're becoming quite a fine warrior." He purred, his ear twitching.

"I don't think the rest of the clan thinks that just yet," You meowed, blinking down at your paws. "They all still stare suspiciously at me when i'm around."

"It will take time." Blackstar meowed, padding around the prey to stand next to you. You could feel his breath hot on your cheek, sending a small shiver through your pelt. "But you've already done more than just prove your loyalty in my eyes."

You relaxed as the huge tom pressed his pelt against your own, his muzzle touching your cheek affectionately. He pulled away and looked at you, blinking. "(W/n), I've been meaning to speak with you about something."

You turned to look at him curiously, your pelt still warm. "About what?"

"I've never taken a mate before," He murmured, not meeting your eyes now as you felt his nervousness. "But lately, I've felt as if I'm beginning to care for you in such a way... That i'd like you to be my mate, if you'll have me."

You instantly brightened up, your eyes widening. He was asking you to be his mate! You couldn't hide your excitement as you

hopped away from him excitedly, earning a questioning stare from the massive tom.

"Of course!" You squeaked like an excited kit. "I'd love that, very much!"

Blackstar's expression became warm with affection and relief at your response. He gave a loud purr, his tail curling over his back. "I'm so glad to hear that." He purred, stepping forward to press his nose to your own. "I promise, no matter what happens, we'll always be together."

You breathed in his familiar scent and gave a deep sigh of happiness, and as you two picked up the prey, you both started back towards camp, his pelt brushing yours. You couldn't help but tremble occasionally with both excitement and happiness. You were more than glad that you had decided to join the clan. Even though your clan-mates didn't completely trust you yet, you were still more than willing to keep proving your loyalty, no matter how long it took. And now, you had the most amazing cat in the clan beside you as your mate, to help you every pawstep of the way.

***END***

**Notes:** Okay! So here's a part two, that was a bit more rushed than I wanted it to be. It's been a while since i've updated, so I decided to hurry along with this and update. Note that requests are closed, however you're still more than welcome to comment your request, as I still read them and I may pick yours. Hope you guys enjoyed!

# Scourge X Reader

**Your rank:** One of the quietest cats in your clan? //IDK if BloodClan has ranks like apprentice/warrior//

**Your gender:** Not-specified

**Your Clan:** BloodClan

**Notes:** Starting in the next oneshot, i'll be adding questions at the beginning of each chapter for all of you to answer! Mostly just 'would you rather/whats your opinion on this' kind of questions. Also, I love Scourge, but I hate how the fandom makes him seem so edgy/emo, bc he's really not any of that lmao. He's more of a gang leader in my eyes.

***

Cold sunlight hit your fur, the snow under your paws crunching as you padded through the city along the normally smooth gray stone on the sides of the thunderpath. Your ears were perked for any sign of possible prey which sometimes strayed from the forests, and your jaws were parted slightly as you hoped to catch the scent of any kind of food.

The (C/c -Collar color-) Around your neck was studded with teeth, both of cats and dogs. You weren't as ruthless as your leader, in fact you were far from violent. You were more of a pacifist than anything, though not completely.

You'd been born in ShadowClan, and as you grew up you learned more and more about a group called 'BloodClan' that lived in the twoleg place. Your interest grew as you heard about their leader, who was abnormally small, yet one of the most feared cats to live.

You'd wandered off eventually, and joined BloodClan, where you'd taken interest in their habits and found a torn up collar, which

easily fit around your neck. You'd decorated it just like your clanmates collars, though you'd only used things you found rather than killed.

You sighed as you realized that there was no scent of prey or food anywhere, and suddenly you got an idea in your mind. Even during leaf-bare, the clans always managed to catch some prey, even if it were just a little bit. You would most likely have a lot more luck among the trees rather than the city.

Making up your mind, you set off towards the forest, your paws nearly numb from the icy snow at your paws. You knew that if you didn't come back with prey, Scourge would most likely be angry with you, since it was the duty of each cat to bring back prey to keep from starving.

*I'd have to go without eating for the night.* You thought, tensing slightly at the thought. Determined to catch some prey, you finally reached the edge of the forest and came to a halt, taking a deep breath. You were at the edge of ThunderClan territory, and you knew that they were just as protective of their borders as any other clan. They wouldn't take lightly to your trespassing, especially during such a bad part of the season.

*I just don't need to be caught.* Your ear twitched. Easier said than done. Unfortunately, you knew that this was the only way to keep your clan-mates well fed, and usually other cats only hunted for themselves rather than for others, who may be too weak or old to hunt. You were normally the one to bring food to your weak clan-mates, and no one ever complained as long as you did your regular duties.

You gathered up all of your courage, before padding forward, across the scent markers that marked the beginning of ThunderClan territory. They were so faint and smothered due to the snow, that you could barely smell them.

*Maybe I could use that as an excuse as to why i'm in their territory.* You realized, though you doubted that would work very well. Regardless of why you were in their territory, you knew they'd send you away with a few scratches, and you weren't in the shape to deal

with any of that. So, you'd just have to be careful.

You stepped lightly, trying your best not to make more noise than absolutely necessary, as you trotted through the bare forest. Your fur was fluffed up against the cold, and you bit your tongue to keep your teeth from chattering.

You'd padded for a while, before suddenly a voice made you halt in your tracks.

"Hey, you!" You whipped around to see two ThunderClan warriors running towards you, their ears laid back and their fur fluffed up along their spines.

You squeaked in shock and arched your back, terror rippling through your pelt as they skidded to a halt in front of you, their claws unsheathed.

"Where'd you think you're going?" One, a pale tabby with a longer tail spat at you, his blue eyes narrowed to slits.

"I was just hunting," You gulped, hoping you could convince them that you were a rogue. "I never meant any harm."

"You're in ThunderClan territory," The other cat, a dark brown tabby, growled. He took a step forward, and you trembled. Not from the cold, but from fear. You knew you were in for a fight now, and there was nothing you could do about it.

"I-" You were cut off as a yowl split the icy air, and out of nowhere, you recognized a familiar black pelt as Scourge appeared from some undergrowth. He lunged forward and attacked the pale tabby, flinging him to the ground with barely any effort.

You were barely able to keep up with what was happening, and within what seemed like a few short heartbeats, the fight was over. The two warriors turned tail to run, disappearing into the trees. Once they were gone, Scourge turned to you, his icy blue gaze narrowed as you shrunk to the snowy earth.

"Scourge," You breathed, lowering your gaze. "I'm sorry, I came out here to hunt for BloodClan... I never meant to cause any trouble."

"Don't apologize," Scourge mewed, and to your surprise, he stepped towards you, his gaze warm. "Stand up, (W/n)."

You obeyed him and got to your paws, your gaze meeting his own.

"It was brave of you to come out here on your own just to bring food back for us." He meowed, his tail-tip flicking. "I'm not angry. Now come on, before they bring the whole of their clan back to fight us." He purred.

You nodded, and allowed him to lead the way back the way you had come. Had he followed you out here?

"Scourge..." You meowed, earning a glance from the small tom over his shoulder. "How'd you know I was out here?"

"I followed you to see where you were going." He shrugged, his voice cool. "And it looks like it's a good thing I did."

"Yeah," You agreed, shivering at the thought of having to fight any ThunderClan warriors right now. You were cold, tired and weak, so you may not have made it back alive. "Thanks, Scourge."

"Don't mention it." He meowed simply, waving his tail dismissively.

"I need to find food somewhere, though," You mewed. "(Random friend name) has to feed her kits, and she's not been eating right lately." You sighed, your friend's face flashing in your mind. She was weak, and barely seemed to have much life left in her lately, due to the lack of prey and food around two-leg place lately.

"I can help you," Scourge meowed. "I know of a few places that might hold prey or food."

You blinked at his offer, and gave a soft purr. "I'd love to have you come along with me." You mewed, keeping your voice light to hide the nervousness you felt. You hadn't ever gotten to spend any alone time with your leader, and he seemed a lot more calm right now than he normally did. You enjoyed it, to say the least.

***Time skip***

You padded after Scourge around a sharp corner, your paws numb from the cold, but you knew you had to find food for your friend.

"There's a spot just up here where two-legs normally dump their leftovers," Scourge explained, and you gazed forward and past him. "There'll be food their for your friend."

You mewed softly in response, and as Scourge rounded another corner, he stopped, almost causing you to run into him. "There," He mewed, pointing with his tail to a huge green box, with things overflowing out of the top.

The smell of stale two-leg food hit your muzzle, and you began to realize how hungry you were yourself.

As if reading your mind, Scourge turned to you, his gaze curious. "Would you like to stay hear and eat a bit for yourself? I'll stay as well, I'm quite hungry as well."

Without thinking, you nodded, realizing that you didn't want your alone time with him to end just yet. "I'd love that." You purred, earning a small nod from your leader.

As Scourge dragged a piece of food from the large box and onto the ground, he settled down by it, waving his tail. "Come share this with me." He meowed. Though it sounded more like an order rather than suggestion, you purred softly in amusement as you padded to crouch beside him.

The two of you ate together until your stomach was content, and you finally sat up, stomach bulging slightly.

Even after Scourge had finished, there was still quite a lot left.

"We could take the rest of this back to (Friend's name) and her kits." You suggested, rasping your tongue over your lips.

"That would be fine." He meowed, getting to his paws after he gave his chest fur a good lick. "It'll be more than enough to feed them, i'm sure."

You nodded happily, getting to your paws as well. Before you could

think, you felt a nose brush against your ear, and you tensed up as Scourge pressed his pelt against your own. "It's cold, don't you think?" He mewed, his breath ruffling your ear fur.

Your fur grew hot with embarrassment, and you turned to look at the tom. "Yeah," You mewed. "It is."

He stared at you for a long time, before his gaze changed from warm back to his normal self. "I should get back to the clan." He mewed, clearing his throat. "We should do this again some time."

"Definitely." You agreed, giving your leaders cheek a lick. "It's a date, for sure."

***END***

**End notes:** Sorry this didn't have that much romance in it; there most likely won't be a part two to this unless I come up with a good setting for it. But this chapter is just to make up for the slow updates, so enjoy!

# Hawkfrost x Reader (1)

**Your gender:** She-cat

**Your rank:** Warrior

**Your clan:** WindClan

**Notes:** Okay so, I've mostly just been writing more requests, so here's something specifically for me, since I absolutely adore Hawkfrost xD Next, I plan on writing a oneshot for Jayfeather, since he's another favorite, and i've had a few requests for him as well. This takes place around the time of the book Twilight. Also, it's kind of a rewrite of my earlier chapters.

***

You ran across the more, the taste of rabbit bathing your tongue. A brown shape bobbed just in front of you, it's fluffy tail almost seeming to tease you as it stayed ahead of you, not seeming to get any closer.

To your horror, the rabbit dove down a hole, it's tail disappearing into it's tunnel as you skidded to a halt in front of the hole, hissing in frustration. You sliced your claws through the grass, annoyed at how slow you'd been. Normally, you were able to outrun a rabbit, but lately you'd been more tired than usual, and catching prey for the clan had become more difficult than it had ever been.

You were (w/n), a warrior of the great WindClan. You were one of the fastest runners in your clan, and one of the most beautiful, according to all of the cats in your clan, and some in other clans. You had no interest in taking a mate, however. You didn't want to wind up in the nursery; you belonged out here, in the open, and feeling the wind in your fur.

You sighed as you turned away from the rabbit burrow, irritation still prickling at your pelt. You set on towards RiverClan territory,

your head held high as you smelled for prey. *Maybe there will be something on our side of the border.* You hoped; anything but Rabbit, since they all seemed to be outrunning you lately.

As the moor turned into a mix of reeds and streams, you stopped. You were close to the border, where the land turned into marsh; you shouldn't go any further.

Straightening up, you began to search for signs of prey, and finally, the scent of mouse washed over your senses. You dropped into a hunting crouch, and instinctively crept forward, your paws not making a sound as you placed them on the ground. Finally, the plump brown body of the mouse came into view, and your mouth began to water. You would love to eat such a catch, but you were loyal to the warrior code. It would go to your clan instead of yourself.

Once you'd judged the distance between yourself and the prey, you pushed off with your back legs. Though, that was a mistake. You hadn't realized that the ground wasn't as firm here, and as you pushed off, your back legs slipped, and you fell face-first into the muddy earth.

The mouse scampered off into some weeds, and you scrambled up, not ready to go back empty-pawed. You took off after the mouse, leaping clear over the weeds. To your horror, you landed face-to-face with a massive, dark-colored tabby tom, his icy blue eyes gleaming as the mouse dangled from his jaws.

You had crossed over the RiverClan border!... Or had you? You looked behind you, and realized you were still in your own territory. You turned back around, your fur bristling. "Hawkfrost!" You hissed. "Why are you in WindClan territory?"

The tom didn't answer as he dropped the mouse between the two of you, sitting down to wrap his tail around his paws. "You looked like you needed this." He shrugged, the muscle underneath his fur rippling. He was a handsome tom, and you hated his arrogant attitude.

"I didn't need your help." You growled. "I asked you a question."

"I heard you," He meowed, blinking slowly at you. "But I have no interest in telling you my business. It looks like I've helped you out, anyways. You should be grateful."

"Grateful that you're trespassing?" You snorted, digging your claws into the not-so-firm earth. "Right! Why would I be grateful for that?"

"I'd watch your tone if I were you," Hawkfrost snorted, though his voice only held amusement rather than aggression. "I helped you. It didn't look like you were having too much luck with hunting to begin with."

"Were you watching me?" Your fur grew hot with both anger and embarrassment.

Hawkfrost only shrugged once again. "Does it matter if I was? You're a pretty cat, it's hard not to watch." His tone was dismissive and calm, which made you angrier.

"You've been in our territory this whole time," You bared your teeth. "Why?"

"As I said, watching you." He meowed, licking a paw and dragging it over his whiskers.

"You act as if you weren't raised in a clan." You spat, lashing your tail. "You know it's not okay to cross over the scent markers!"

Hawkfrosts eyes only gleamed with amusement, and he stood up, using a paw to push the mouse past you. "There're more of your clan-mates coming, I have to go." He meowed. "Take this, and meet me here again tomorrow night."

Without waiting for you to respond, the RiverClan warrior turned and disappeared into some reeds, his tail swishing as it disappeared.

You stared after him, your anger ebbing and giving way to curiosity. Why did he want you to meet him here? You shook your head as you picked the mouse up in your jaws and turned to walk back towards your own clan. The only way you'd know was if you obeyed his wish and met him here again.

***END***

There will be a part two! This is just so that I can update every so often, so here's part one of a remake. I got a job, so i'll be a lot more busy than I normally am, and won't be able to update as much, so sorry!

# Graystripe x Reader

**Your gender:** Unspecified

**Your rank:** Warrior

**Your clan:** ThunderClan

~

Rain fell steadily around you, dripping off the lush green leaves and onto the ground with a splash. It had been raining for most of the day, soaking the earth and causing the rivers in the territories to rise.

You padded through the dripping forest, your (F/C) fur just as wet as the forest around you. You paid no attention to the wetness that seemed to pierce through you as you carried on, the only emotion you felt being frustration. Your best friend, Sandstorm, and yourself had gotten into a fight, leaving you battered and hurt.

The sound of rushing water filled your ears as you came out onto the shore of a river, and you blinked in shock at how high the water had risen. Your crush, Graystripe, lived on the other side of the river. You wanted to see him, to feel the relief of his fur against your own.

Graystripe had went to live with RiverClan after his mate, Silverstream, died giving birth to his kits. You knew he probably wouldn't take another mate, but that didn't stop you from loving him. Even if he didn't love you the same way, having him as a close friend was good enough for you.

You followed the river downstream a little ways, watching as the brown water churned and splashed as it moved. Finally, you spotted some stones jutting out of the murky water, and you felt your chest flare with excitement. This was how you would get across the river to visit Graystripe!

Without hesitation, you broke into a run towards the water, and pushed yourself off of the ground with one effortless leap. You landed easily on the first stone, as you'd done many times before, and ignored the water lapping at your paws.

You bunched your muscles and prepared for another leap, before suddenly there was a rumbling sound. You turned to look upstream, and to your horror, a wave of murky brown water was rushing towards you.

You turned to leap back the way you had come, but it was too late. You were jerked off of your paws as the wave hit you, and you were dragged under the current with a wail of agony.

You thrashed and kicked, and for a few split seconds your head resurfaced, giving you a chance to yowl desperately into the cold air. "Help!" You pleaded, most likely to no one. This was it, you were going to die here.

You were dragged back underwater, and you seemed to lose all strength in your legs as you stopped fighting the current. The world seemed to turn dark around you as you lost your consciousness.

***Time skip***

"(W/n)!" A familiar tom's voice echoed through your thoughts, and you slowly opened your eyes. The world around you was blurry as you coughed and sputtered, water rushing from your mouth. You gazed up at the amber-eyed tom who stood over you, his eyes glittering with shock and worry.

"Graystripe?" You wheezed, coughing up more water. "Where am I?"

"I saw you fall in the river after a wave came through," He explained, blinking at you. "I almost drowned trying to save you. You're on RiverClan territory."

"I'm sorry," You spluttered, noticing that the tom was soaked and had a few leaves and streaks of mud in his fur. "I wanted to see you..."

"You should've waited until the river went down," Graystripe

sighed, though his voice was strong with relief. "Is something wrong in ThunderClan?"

"No," You breathed. "I just got into a fight with Sandstorm."

"Sandstorm," He echoed, his eyes glittering with amusement. "It's easy to get into a fight with that she-cat."

You sat up and shook out your fur, stumbling a bit. Graystripe was instantly against you, supporting you with his shoulder. "Careful," He warned, his voice gentle. "You haven't recovered completely."

"I'm fine," You insisted. "Graystripe..." You gazed at the tom who had just saved your life, your love for him overwhelming now. You had to tell him. Now or never.

Graystripe stared at you questioningly, but he said nothing as he waited for you to say something. Would he reject you?

"I've been meaning to tell you this for a long time, but..." You gulped, a feeling of fear washing over you like the wave that had pulled you into the river. "I love you. Even if you don't feel the same way, I had to tell you. I-" You started to say more, but you were silenced as the tom pressed his nose to yours, causing you to blink in surprise.

"I love you too," He purred. "Of course I feel the same way."

"But... Silverstream..." Your eyes widened, and he shook his head.

"Silverstream would want me to be happy." He mewed. "And I'm happy when i'm with you."

You stared at the tom beside you, feeling a rush of happiness. He loved you back!

"Come back to ThunderClan," You urged, entwining your tail with his. "I-"

"I can't," Graystripe blinked sadly at you. "I can't leave my kits. Not yet."

You opened your mouth to beg him to return, but you stopped. His kits needed him. You couldn't pull him away from them.

"That doesn't mean we can't see each other, though." Graystripe suddenly purred, giving your cheek a swift lick. "We can meet here, and at gatherings."

You nodded in agreement, though you still wished you could be in the same camp as him. You couldn't leave your own clan, so this would have to do for now. The fact that he loved you back was more than enough, and you were more than willing to do whatever you could to see him.

***END***

**Notes:** So, this won't have another part to it. This was just a quick, short chapter to show that I'm still around and haven't forgotten about you guys. My job has taken up most of my time so I haven't been able to do any writing lately. I hope you all are doing well!

# Jayfeather x Rogue!Reader (1)

A/N: *Hey guys! I apologize for not updating in so long. I've been logged into my main account here and completely forgot about this one, but i'm back! If you like the Angels of Death anime/game/manga, I just released a oneshot collection of that, so be sure to check it out! Anyways, I know a few of you wanted to see a Jayfeather oneshot, and I had a pretty good idea for this, so here it is! Also, this takes place after the battle with the darkforest and bramblestar's storm.*

You padded quietly through the forest, the trees and leaves around you dripping from the recent rain; The sound was relaxing to your ears, and your (F/C) fur was sleek as you had just woken up and finished grooming your pelt. Around you, birds chirped as they fluttered around in the trees, and your stomach growled; the scent of prey made your mouth water, and you were glad to be out hunting instead of stuck in your den out of the rain.

It had been raining all day yesterday, and all night, until early this morning. It had made it impossible for you to hunt, even though prey was plentiful right now. Your senses weren't as sharp in the rain, and they prey had all seemed to take cover from the rain as well.

You slowed your pace, tasting the air. Almost immediately, you caught the scent of a squirrel, and you gazed around the surrounding forest, searching for the source of the smell. Finally, a ways away, you spotted the small brownish-red creature nibbling on a seed just below a large oak tree, sitting on one of its roots. You dropped into a crouch instinctively, easing your way towards it. You could hear the faint lapping of water, and you realized you must have wandered closer to the lake than you had originally thought.

As you neared your prey, you stopped, bunching your muscles, ready to leap. The small snap of a branch caused the squirrel to

freeze, and in a moment, it darted away. Frustrated, you leaped after it and gave chase, leaping over the root it had been sitting on only heartbeats before. You darted around a tree, and without warning, you barreled into another cat, who gave a screech of anger.

Scrambling to your feet, you leaped back, the fur along your spine rising. "You ruined my hunt!" You hissed at the stranger, who was just getting to his own paws.

"*Your* hunt?" The skinny gray tabby tom growled, his deep blue eyes blazing. "You're on ThunderClan territory!"

You stared at the tom, realizing that you had indeed heard of the four clans that lived around the lake. You had never been this close to the lake, and to be honest, you hadn't believed in the stories until now.

You opened your mouth to respond, but the angry tom continued. "I'd suggest leaving, before you get your pelt ripped off." He growled.

"You can't just stop me from hunting." You objected, narrowing your eyes. "I-"

"Jayfeather!" Another voice sounded from the undergrowth behind the tom. "Who are you talking to?" Moments later, a brown tabby she-cat emerged from some bushes, her amber eyes widening as she looked at you.

"This dumb she-cat was hunting on our territory, and ran straight in to me." Jayfeather growled. His eyes glittered, and as you looked closer, you noticed something was off about his gaze. *Is he blind?*

"I'm sure she didn't know she was on our territory." The she-cat mewed, blinking. "But i'm surprised she didn't run into any patrols on our borders."

"Maybe you should tell Bramblestar to send out more border patrols to keep accidents like *this* from happening." Jayfeather snorted.

"Well, you should leave before a patrol catches you." The brown

she-cat mewed. "Jayfeather, escort her to the border. I'll stay here and keep gathering herbs."

You opened your mouth to object, but you realized that if he didn't escort you, his so-called clanmates may find you and be much less understanding.

Jayfeather muttered something, before padding towards you. "Come on." He snapped as he passed you, and you turned to follow him.

The two of you walked in silence for a while, before your curiosity got the best of you. "Are you blind?" You suddenly blurted out.

"Yes." Jayfeather stated bluntly.

"And you're a warrior?" Your eyes widened in surprise. How could a blind cat learn to fight?

"I'm a medicine cat." He corrected you. "I heal cats, not fight them."

"That's really cool," You breathed, blinking at him. "Who was the other cat with you?"

"Leafpool. She's another medicine cat." He gave an uninterested reply, keeping his gaze forward.

You kept walking in silence, still amazed at the fact that a blind cat was part of the clans. Your pace slowed, and Jayfeather turned his head to look at you. "Are you coming?" He mewed. "I don't have all day."

You quickly padded to catch up to him. "What's it like living in a clan?"

"It's nice." He shrugged. "Each cat looks after each other, and protects everyone."

You imagined what he was talking about, enjoying the thought of living among other cats instead of being by yourself all the time.

The tom's mew caught you by surprise now. "Do you live with any other cats?" His tone had softened now.

"No," You admitted. "After I was born, when my siblings and I grew to be old enough to protect ourselves, our mother left, and my brother and sister went their own ways. My father left before we were kitted, so we never knew who he was."

"I'm sorry." Jayfeather muttered.

"What about your parents? Do you know them?" You asked cautiously, eyeing him.

"Leafpool is my mother, but we were raised by her sister, and our father was of a different clan." He mewed, his tone hardening once again. You guessed he didn't want to talk anymore about it, so you changed the subject.

"Well, I think it's amazing that you can heal cats." You purred, earning an ear twitch from the medicine cat. He didn't say anything, but from his expression, you could tell he was a bit flustered.

"Our border is up here." Jayfeather mewed. "How far from here do you live?"

"A good ways," You mewed, sighing. You dreaded going back only to be alone once again. "I didn't think I had come this far when I started hunting."

"I can travel with you." Jayfeather meowed, taking you by surprise.

"Shouldn't you be getting back to Leafpool?"

"She can wait. I need a break from her yapping anyways." He snorted. "Lead the way."

As you two traveled, you didn't speak much more. It wasn't an awful long time before you reached your den; A fallen log lay across a small ditch, which you had made into a nest beneath it. "This is it." You mewed, before explaining to him what it looked like.

"This isn't much of a den." Jayfeather muttered.

"I'll be fine from here." You purred softly, touching your nose to his cheek. "Thank you for the company."

Jayfeather blinked, becoming a bit flustered once again. "No problem." He turned to leave, his fur brushing yours as he passed. "If you don't mind, I may come back to visit you."

You stared at him in surprise, before giving a soft purr. "I'd love that." Your stomach seemed to flutter as he gave you one last glance, before disappearing into the undergrowth.

A/N: *Okay so I wanted to make this two parts, so be looking for the next update! I hope you enjoyed <3*